



Black your Shoes, your Honour; black
Sir, black Sir?

TO clean the shoes,
of London Beaus,
Contented in his Ration,
In dirty alley
Plys Patrick Kelly,
Whose brogue betrays his nation;

Nor wigs nor blacking,
Nor kettle lacking,
Nor tripod for your feet,
The dirt he scrubs,
The shoes he rubs,
And makes them shine like jet.